

For 22. April 1682. page 17



# The Batchelors feast,

OR,

The difference betwixt, a single life and a double :  
being the Batchelors pleasure, and the married Mans trouble,  
To a pleasant new tune alled, *With a hic dilldo, dill.*



**A**s I walkt forth of late,  
where grasse and flowers spring,  
I heard a Batchelor,  
within an Harbour sing,  
The tenor of his song,  
contain'd much melodie,  
It is a gallant thing,  
to live at liberty,  
With hic dill do dill,  
hie ho dildurlye :  
It is a delightfull thing,  
to live at liberty.

The Batchelors can haunt,  
in Country and in Towne,  
And in good company,  
may merrily spend a crowne :  
We may doe as wee list,  
our liues from cares are free,  
Tis a gallant thing,  
to live at liberty,  
With hic dill &c.

No Cradle have wee to rocke,  
nor Children that doe cry,  
No land, Lords rent to pay,  
no Purser to supply :  
No wife to scold and bridle,  
nor wee still keepe good company  
With them that take delight,  
to live at liberty,  
With hic dill, &c.

While married men doe lie,  
with worldly cares oppress,  
The Batchelors can sleepe,  
and sweetly take our rest,  
I married men must take,  
for Collips and a purse,  
Which heauie makes the heart,  
but light it makes the purse,  
With hic dill, &c.

For Candell and for soape,  
and many knacks beside,  
For Clouts and swaddling bands,  
he likewise must provide,  
To pay for sops and wine,  
he must also agree,  
Tis a delightfull thing,  
to live at liberty,  
With hic dill, &c.

A man that doth intend,  
to lead a quiet life,  
Must practise day and night,  
to please his longing wife,  
New fashions must bee had,  
as oft as they them see,  
Tis a pleasant thing  
to live at liberty :  
With hic dill, dill,  
hie, hoe, dildurly,  
It is a delightfull thing :  
to live at liberty.



For 22. April 1688. page 17



# The Batchelors feast,

OR,

The difference betwixt, a single life and a double :  
being the Batchelors pleasure, and the married Mans trouble,  
To a pleasant new tune alled, *With a hic dilldo, dill.*



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where grasse and flowers spring,  
I heard a Batchelor,  
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The tenor of his song,  
contain'd much melodie,  
It is a gallant thing,  
to live at liberty,  
With hic dill do dill,  
hie ho dildurlye :  
It is a delightfull thing,  
to live at liberty.

The Batchelors can haunt,  
in Country and in Towne,  
And in good company,  
may merrily spend a crowne :  
We may doe as wee list,  
our liues from cares are free,  
Tis a gallant thing,  
to live at liberty,  
With hic dill &c.

No Cradle have wee to rocke,  
nor Children that doe cry,  
No land, Lords rent to pay,  
no Purfes to supply :  
No Wife to scold and bridle,  
nor mee still keepe good company  
With them that take delight,  
to live at liberty,  
With hic dill, &c.

While married men doe lie,  
with worldly cares oppress,  
The Batchelors can sleepe,  
and sweetly take our rest,  
I married men must take,  
for Collips and a Purse,  
Which heauie makes the heart,  
but light it makes the purse,  
With hic dill, &c.

For Candell and for Soape,  
and many knacks beside,  
For Clouts and swaddling bands,  
he likewise must provide,  
To pay for sops and wine,  
he must also agree,  
Tis a delightfull thing,  
to live at liberty,  
With hic dill, &c.

A man that doth intend,  
to lead a quiet life,  
Must practise day and night,  
to please his longing wife,  
New fashions must bee had,  
as oft as they them see,  
Tis a pleasant thing  
to live at liberty :  
With hic dill, dill,  
hie, hoe, dildurly,  
It is a delightfull thing :  
to live at liberty.



## The second part, To the same tune.



The Surgeon thines by fencing scholes,  
Seme for strong liquoꝝ patwne their toles,  
For one wise man ther's twenty soles,  
oh when shall we be married?  
In time of youth when I was wilde,  
Who toucheth Witch, must be defild,  
Mell is afraid that the's with child,  
peace Peter.

The poze still hope for better daies,  
I doe not lone these long delays,  
All lone and charity decays,  
in the daies of old:  
I me very loth to patwne my cloake,  
Where pouerty doth me pꝛonoke,  
They say a scald head is some bꝛoke,  
poze trading.

The Dutchmen thine by Sea and Land,  
Women are ships and must be mand,  
Let's byansly to our Colours stand,  
Courage my hearts of gold:  
I read in moderne Histories,  
The King of Swedens Victories,  
At Jllington ther's Pudding pies,  
hot Custards.

The Tapster is undone by chalke.  
Tush tis in vaine to pꝛate and talke,  
The Parrot pꝛattles, walke knaves, walke,  
Duke Humfry lies in Pauls,  
The Souldier hath but small regard, (yard  
Ther's wꝛekely newes in Pauls Church.  
The poze man cries the world growes hard,  
cold Winter.

From Longlane cloathe and Turnesille boots  
Doe upon these scabbed cotes,  
The cheapest meat is Reddish rotes,  
come, all these for a penny:  
Light my Tobacco quickly here,  
There lies a pretty woman nere,  
This boy will come to naught I feare,  
pꝛoud Corcombe.

The World is full of odious sinnes,  
Tis ten to one but this boye winnes,  
Foles set foles to bꝛeake wise mens shinnes  
this man's wozz knave than fole:  
Iane oft in pꝛivate meets with Tom,  
Husband ya're kindly welcome home,  
Halt any money? lend me some,  
I me bꝛoken.

In ancient times all things were cheape,  
Tis good to looke before thou leape,  
When Coyne is ripe, tis time to reape,  
once walking by the way.  
A iealous man the Cuckoo loaths,  
The gallant complements with oaths,  
A wench will make you sell your cloaths,  
run Bꝛoker.

The Courtier and the country man,  
Let's live as honest as we can.  
When Arthur first in Court began,  
his men wozz hanging Aenes.  
In May when Grass and Flowers be gran.  
The strangest sight that ere was sene.  
God blese our gracious King and Quene,  
from danger. men.

Printed at London for H. G.

FINIS.

M.P.

45. 6. 28. 115.



# The Batchelors feast,

OR,

The difference betwixt, a single life and a double :  
being the Batchelors pleasure, and the married Mans trouble,  
To a pleasant new tune called, *With a hie dill, dill.*



**A**s I walkt forth of late,  
Where grasse and flowers spring,  
I heard a Batchelor,  
Within an Harbour sing,  
The tenor of his song,  
Contain'd much melodie,  
It is a gallant thing,  
To live at liberty,  
With hie dill do dill,  
hie ho dildurlye :  
It is a delightfull thing,  
to live at liberty.

While Batchelors can haunt,  
in Country and in Towne,  
And in good company,  
may merrily spend a trowne :  
We may doe as wee list,  
our liues from cares are free,  
D'tis a gallant thing,  
to live at liberty,  
With hie dill &c.

No Cradle have wee to rocke,  
nor Children that doe cry,  
No land Lords rent to pay,  
no Pursees to supply :  
No willie to scold and beate,  
nor wee still keepe good company  
With them that take delight,  
to live at liberty,  
With hie dill. &c.

While married men doe lie,  
with worldly cares oppress,  
While Batchelors can sleepe,  
and sweetly take our rest,  
D married men must take,  
for Cossips and a Purse,  
Which headie makes the heatt,  
but light it makes the purse,  
With hie dill, &c.

For Candell and for Soape,  
and many knacks beside,  
For Clouts and swadling bands,  
he likewise must provide,  
To pay for sops and wine,  
hee must also agree,  
D'tis a delightfull thing,  
to live at liberty,  
With hie dill, &c.

A man that doth intend,  
to lead a quiet life,  
Must practise day and night,  
to please his longing wife,  
New fashions must bee had,  
as oft as shee them see,  
D'tis a pleasant thing  
to live at liberty :  
With hie dill, dill,  
hie, hoe, dildurlye,  
It is a delightfull thing :  
to live at liberty.



## The second part, To the same tune.



**T**he Surgeon thyns by fencing scholes,  
Seme for strong liquoz pawne their toles  
For one wise man ther's twenty toles,  
oh when shall we be married?  
In time of youth when I was wilde,  
Who toucheth Witche, must be defild,  
Mell is afraid that she's with child,  
peace Peter.

The poze still hope for better dales,  
I doe not loue these long delays,  
All loue and charity decays,  
in the dales of old:  
I'me very loth to pawne my cloake,  
Where pouerty doth me pzoouke,  
They say a scald head is sone broke,  
poze trading.

The Dutchmen thyn by Sea and Land,  
Women are ships and must be mand,  
Let's brauely to our Colours stand,  
Courage my hearts of gold:  
I read in moderne Histories,  
The King of Swedens Wistories,  
At Illington ther's Pudding pies,  
hot Custards.

The Lapsier is vndone by chalke.  
Fustis in vaine to pzoate and talke,  
The Parrot prattles, walke knaues, walke,  
Duke Humfry lies in Pauls,  
The Souldier hath but small regard, (yard  
Ther's weakely newes in Pauls Church-  
The poze man cries the world growes hard,  
cold Winter.

From Longlane cloathe and Turnesille boots  
Dhe upon these scabbed cotes,  
The cheapest meat is Reddish cotes,  
come, all these for a penny:  
Light my Tobacco quickly here,  
There lies a pretty woman nere,  
This boy will come to naught I feare,  
proud Corcombe.

The World is full of odious Annes,  
His ten to one but this hoise winnes,  
Foles set Foles to breake wise mens shynnes  
this man's moze knaue than sole:  
Iane oft in pziuate meets with Tom,  
Husband ya're kindly welcome home,  
Halt any money? lend me some,  
I'me broken.

In ancient times all things were cheape,  
His god to loke before thou leape,  
When Cozne is ripe, tis time to reape,  
once walking by the way.  
A iealous man the Cuckoo loaths,  
The gallant complements with oaths,  
A wench will make you sell your cloaths.  
run Broke.

The Courtier and the country man,  
Let's line as honest as we can.  
When Arthur first in Court began,  
his men twoo hanging scenes.  
In May when Grass and Flowers be gran.  
The strangest sight that ere was scene.  
God blesse our gracious King and Quene,  
from danger. men.

Printed at London for H. G.

FINIS.

M.P.

45. 6. 28. 115.



# The Batchelors feast,

OR,

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being the Batchelors pleasure, and the married Mans trouble,  
To a pleasant new tune called, *With a hie dilldo, dill.*



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Within an Harbour sing,  
The tenor of his song,  
Contain'd much melodie,  
It is a gallant thing,  
To live at liberty,  
With hie dill do dill,  
hie ho dildurlye :  
It is a delightfull thing,  
to live at liberty.

While Batchelors can flaunt,  
in Country and in Towne,  
And in good company,  
may merrily spend a crowne:  
We may doe as wee list,  
our liues from cares are free,  
Tis a gallant thing,  
to live at liberty,  
With hie dill &c.

No Cradle have wee to rocke,  
nor Children that doe cry,  
No land, Lords rent to pay,  
no Pursees to supply:  
No Cause to scold and bridle,  
nor wee still keepe good company  
With them that take delight,  
to live at liberty,  
With hie dill. &c.

While married men doe lie,  
With worldly cares oppress,  
The Batchelors can sleepe,  
and sweetly take our rest,  
I married men must take,  
for Cossips and a Purse,  
Which headie makes the heatt,  
but light it makes the purse,  
With hie dill, &c.

For Candell and for Soape,  
and many knacks besides,  
For Clouts and swadling bands,  
hee likewise must provide,  
To pay for sops and wine,  
hee must also agree,  
Tis a delightfull thing,  
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With hie dill, &c.

A man that doth intend,  
to lead a quiet life,  
Must practise day and night,  
to please his longing wife,  
New fashions must bee had,  
as oft as thee them see,  
Tis a pleasant thing  
to live at liberty :  
With hie dill, dill,  
hie, hoe, dildurly,  
It is a delightfull thing :  
to live at liberty.



## The second part, To the same tune.



**T**he Surgeon thines by fencing scholes,  
Seme for strong liquoz pawne their toles,  
For one wise man ther's twenty soles,  
oh when shall we be married?  
In time of youth when I was wilde,  
Who toucheth Pitch, must be defild,  
Mell is afraid that the's with child,  
peace Peter.

The poze still hope for better daies,  
I doe not loue these long delays,  
All loue and charity decays,  
in the daies of old:  
I'me very loth to pawne my cloake,  
Where pouerty doth me pzooue,  
They say a scald head is some bzoake,  
poze trading.

The Dutchmen thine by Sea and Land,  
Women are ships and must be mand,  
Let's brauely to our Colours stand,  
Courage my hearts of gold:  
I read in moderne Histozies,  
The King of Swedens Victozies,  
At Alington ther's Pudding pies,  
hot Custards.

The Laptier is vndone by chalke.  
Tush tis in vaine to prate and talke,  
The Perrat prattles, walke knaues, walke,  
Duke Humfry lies in Pauls,  
The Souldier hath but small regard, (yard  
Ther's weakely newes in Pauls Church-  
The poze man cries the world growes hard,  
cold Winter.

From Longlape cloathe and Turnesille botz,  
Doe vpon these scabbed cotes,  
The cheapest meat is Reddish rotes,  
come, all these for a penny:  
Light my Tobacco quickly here,  
There lies a pretty woman nere,  
This boy will come to naught I feare,  
proud Corcombe.

The World is full of odious Annes,  
Tis ten to one but this boye twinnes,  
Foles set foles to bzeake wise mens shinnes  
this man's moze knaue than sole:  
Iane oft in pziuate meets with Tom,  
Husband ya're kindly welcome home,  
Hast any money? lend me some,  
I'me bzooken.

In ancient times all things were cheape,  
Tis good to loke befoze thou leape,  
When Cozne is ripe, tis time to reape,  
once walking by the way.  
A iealous man the Cuckoe loaths,  
The gallant complements with oathes,  
A twench will make you sell your cloaths.  
run Bzoker.

The Courtier and the country man,  
Let's live as honest as we can.  
When Arthur first in Court began,  
his men wozs hanging skenes.  
In May when Grass and Flowers be gran.  
The strangest sight that ere was sene.  
God blesse our gracious King and Quene,  
from danger. men.

Printed at London for H. G.

FINIS.

M.P.



part of 113



193.

# Friendly Counsaile.

OR, 76

Here's an answer to all Demanders  
The which he declare to all By-standers,  
Thereby to teach them how to know  
A perfect Friend from a flattering Foe.

To the tune of I could fancy pretty Nancy.



It was my chance not long time since,  
To be where was much conference:  
And amongst th' eir questions all,  
One did me to an swer call,  
Thus demanding how to know  
A faithfull friend from a flattering foe.

Being much amazed in my minde,  
How this Theame might be define,  
Yet I answer'd thus againe,  
That I would resolve them plaine,  
In what kinde they well might know  
A faithfull friend from a flattering foe.

If that thou haue a friend, be kinde,  
Here in true loue thou same may finde,  
He'll not leaue thee in distresse,  
But will helpe thee more or lesse:  
Hereby you may plainly know  
A faithfull, &c.

On the contrary, marke my words,  
Flattering tongues are worse than swords,  
They'll speake you fair while you them see,  
But quite forsake thee in thy need:  
These are perfect signes to know  
A faithfull, &c.

If thou want meanes and haue a friend,  
He'll something giue and something lend,  
He will not see thee for to perishe,  
But will thee relesue and cherishe:  
Hereby you may finde and know  
A faithfull, &c.

The Flatterer whilst thou hast chinke,  
Will proffer meate and giue thee drinke,  
But for it thou shalt dearely pay,  
For he will bring thee to decay:  
Then I advise thee how to know  
A faithfull, &c.

Thy friend will grieve to see thee lacke,  
He'll speake thee faire behind thy backe,  
In words and dedes he'll still agree,  
He'll grieve to see thy misery:  
Hereby you may plainly know  
A faithfull, &c.

Thy foe indeed is nothing so,  
For he'll reioyce still at thy woe,  
And if thou once grow poore and bare,  
When for thee he no more will care:  
Thus thou plainly here maist know  
A faithfull, &c.

Thy friend will with thee keep thy meanes,  
And not to waste it on lewd Quesnes,  
He'll bid thee for to haue a care (ware:  
Cards, Dice and Whorles, are dangerous  
Hereby you may plainly know  
A faithfull, &c.

The other he will thee intice  
To drunkenness, Cards, Whorles & Dice,  
He'll advise thee for to roare,  
To spend thy meanes and so be poore:  
Thus thou here maist plainly know  
A faithfull, &c.

45. 6. 28. 1885



The second part, <sup>194</sup> To the same tune.



**T**he Taylor must be paid,  
for making of her gowne,  
The shoemakers for fine shoes,  
or else thy wife will frowne:  
For Bands fine Ruffes and cuffes,  
thou must dispende as free:  
Tis a gallant thing,  
to live at liberty,  
With hie dill, &c.

A wife must also have,  
a Bepper of the best,  
That she may haunt it out,  
and gossip with the rest:  
Wrought quaffes and cobweb lawne,  
her dayly weare must be;  
Tis a lightsome thing,  
to live at liberty,  
With hie, &c.

Yet all this pleasest not  
except that thou dost burse,  
Both gold and silver coine,  
to carry in her purse,  
To Waverne then she hies,  
where she will merry be,  
Tis a gallant thing,  
to live at liberty,  
With hie, &c.

Some thinks a single life,  
to be a dayly trouble,  
But many men doe use it,  
and makes his sorowes double,

Therefore I wish young men,  
in time be rul'd by mee,  
And learne to sing this song,  
to live at liberty,  
With hie, &c.

Except a vertuous wisse,  
a young man chance to find,  
That will industrious be,  
and beare a modest mind,  
He better were to live,  
still single as wee see,  
For tis a gallant thing,  
to live at liberty,  
With hie, &c.

Now will I heere conclude,  
I will no one offend,  
Wishing that every wretch,  
her qualities would amend,  
And that all Batchelors,  
may now be rul'd by mee,  
To chuse a loving wife,  
or live at liberty,  
With hie dill, dill,  
hie ho dilldill,  
It is a gallant thing  
to live at liberty.

FINIS.

L.P.

Printed at London for W. the  
younger, dwelling at the up-  
per end of the Old Bayly.

45. 6. 28. 14.



2 part of 113

## Friendly Counsaile.

OR, 360

Here's an answer to all Demanders  
The which he declare to all By-standers,  
Thereby to teach them how to know  
A perfect Friend from a flattering Foe.

To the tune of I could fancy pretty Nancy.



It was my chance not long time since,  
To be where was much conference:  
And amongst th' other questions all,  
One did me to an answer call,  
Thus demanding how to know  
A faithfull friend from a flattering foe.

Being much amazed in my minde,  
How this theme might be defined;  
Yet I answer'd thus againe,  
That I would resolve them plaine,  
In what kinde they well might know  
A faithfull friend from a flattering foe.

If that thou have a friend, be kinde,  
Here in true love thou shalt him finde,  
He'll not leave thee in distresse,  
But will helpe thee more or lesse:  
Hereby you may plainly know  
A faithfull, &c.

On the contrary, marke my words,  
Flattering tongues are worse than swords,  
They'll speake you faire while you them see,  
But quite forsake thee in thy need:  
These are perfect signes to know  
A faithfull, &c.

If thou want meanes and have a friend,  
He'll something give and something lend,  
He will not see thee for to perish,  
But will thee relieve and cherish:  
Hereby you may finde and know  
A faithfull, &c.

The Flatterer whilst thou hast chinke,  
Will proffer meate and give thee drinke,  
But for it thou shalt dearly pay,  
For he will bring thee to decay:  
Then I advise thee how to know  
A faithfull, &c.

Thy friend will grieve to see thee lacke,  
He'll speake thee faire behind thy backe,  
In words and deeds he'll still agree,  
He'll grieve to see thy misery:  
Hereby you may plainly know  
A faithfull, &c.

Thy foe indeed is nothing so,  
For he'll rejoyce still at thy woe,  
And if thou once grow poor and bare,  
Then for thee he no more will care:  
Thus thou plainly here shalt know  
A faithfull, &c.

Thy friend will wish thee keep thy meanes,  
And not to waste it on lewd Quesnes,  
He'll bid thee for to have a care (ware:  
Cards, Dice and Whorles, are dangerous  
Hereby you may plainly know  
A faithfull, &c.

The other he will thee intice  
To drunkenness, Cards, Whorles & Dice,  
He'll advise thee for to roare,  
To spend thy meanes and so be poore:  
Thus thou here shalt plainly know  
A faithfull, &c.

45. 6. 28. 118



The second part, <sup>194</sup> To the same tune.



**T**he Taylor must be payd,  
for making of her gowne,  
The shoemakers for fine shoes,  
or else thy wife will frowne:  
For Bands fine Ruffes and cuffes,  
thou must dispende as free:  
Tis a gallant thing,  
to live at liberty,  
With hie dill, &c.

A wife must also have,  
a Beaper of the best,  
That she may flaunt it out,  
and gossip with the rest:  
Wrought quaffes and cobweb latone,  
her dayly weare must be;  
Tis a lightfomething,  
to live at liberty,  
With hie, &c.

Yet all this pleaseth not  
except that thou dost burle,  
Both gold and silber cogne,  
to carry in her purse,  
To Tavernie then she hies,  
where she will merry be,  
Tis a gallant thing,  
to live at liberty,  
With hie, &c.

Some thinks a single life,  
to be a dayly trouble,  
But many men doe use it,  
and makes his sorowes double,

Therefore I wish young men,  
in time be rul'd by mee,  
And learne to sing this song,  
to live at liberty,  
With hie, &c.

Except a vertuous wiffe,  
a young man chance to find,  
That will industrious be,  
and beare a modest mind,  
He better were to live,  
still single as we see,  
For tis a gallant thing,  
to live at liberty,  
With hie, &c.

Now will I heere conclude,  
I will no one offend,  
Wishing that every shrew,  
her qualities would amend,  
And that all Batchelors,  
may now be rul'd by mee,  
To chuse a loving wiffe,  
or live at liberty,  
With hie dilldo, dill,  
hie ho dildurle,  
It is a gallant thing  
to live at liberty.

FINIS.

L. P.

Printed at London for W. the  
younger, dwelling at the up-  
per end of the Old Bayly.

45. 6. 28. 19.



242 113

193.

Friendly Counsaile.

OR, 36

Here's an answer to all Demanders  
The which Ile declare to all By-standers,  
Thereby to teach them how to know  
A perfect Friend from a flattering Foe.

To the tune of I could fancy pretty Nancy.



It was my chance not long time since,  
To be where was much conference:  
And amongst th eir questions all,  
One did me to an swer call,  
Thus demand ing how to know  
A faithfull frien d from a flattering foe.

Being much amaz ed in my minde,  
How this Theame might be de find;  
Yet I an swer'd thus againe,  
That I would resole e them plaine,  
In whar kinde they well might know  
A faithfull friend from a flattering foe.

If that thou haue a frien d, be kinde,  
Here in true loue thou sa me may finde,  
He'l not leane thee in dist resse,  
But will helpe thee more or lesse:  
Hereby you may plainly know  
A faithfull, &c.

On the contrary, marke my words,  
Flattering tongues are woꝛds than swoꝛds,  
They'l speake you fair while you them see,  
But quite forsake thee in thy need:  
These are perfect signes to know  
A faithfull, &c.

If thou want meanes and haue a friend,  
He'll something giue and something lend,  
He will not see thee soꝛ to perishe,  
But will thee relieue and cherishe:  
Hereby you may finde and know  
A faithfull, &c.

The Flatterer whilst thou hast chinke,  
Will proffer meate and giue thee drinke,  
But soꝛ it thou shalt dearely pay,  
For he will bring thee to decay:  
Then I aduise thee how to know  
A faithfull, &c.

Thy friend will grieue to see thee lacke,  
He'll speake thee faire behind thy backe,  
In woꝛds and dees he'll still agree,  
He'll grieue to see thy misery:  
Hereby you may plainly know  
A faithfull, &c.

Thy foe indeed is nothing so,  
For he'll reioyce that at thy woe,  
And if thou once grow poore and bare,  
Then soꝛ thee he no more will care:  
Thus thou plainly here maist know  
A faithfull, &c.

Thy friend will with thee keep thy meanes,  
And not to waste it on lewd Quesnes,  
He'll bid thee soꝛ to haue a care (ware:  
Cards, Dice and Whorres, are dangerous  
Hereby you may plainly know  
A faithfull, &c.

The other he will thee intice  
To drunkennesse, Cards, Whorres & Dice,  
He'll aduise thee soꝛ to roare,  
To spend thy meanes and so be poore:  
Thus thou here maist plainly know  
A faithfull, &c.

45. 6. 28 118



17  
The second part, <sup>194</sup> To the same tune.



**T**he Taylor must be payd,  
for making of her gowne,  
The shoemakers for fine shoes,  
or else thy wife will frowne:  
For Bands fine Ruffes and cuffes,  
thou must dispende as free:  
Tis a gallant thing,  
to live at liberty,  
With hie dill, &c.

A wife must also have,  
a Weaver of the best,  
That she may flaunt it out,  
and gossip with the rest:  
Wrought quairesses and cobweb lawne,  
her dayly weare must be;  
Tis a light something,  
to live at liberty,  
With hie, &c.

Yet all this pleaseth not  
except that thou dost burle,  
Both gold and silver cogne,  
to carry in her purse,  
To Tavernes then she hies,  
where she will merry be,  
Tis a gallant thing,  
to live at liberty,  
With hie, &c.

Some thinks a single life,  
to be a dayly trouble,  
But many men doe yed,  
and makes his sorowes double,

Therefore I wish young men,  
in time be rul'd by mee,  
And learne to sing this song,  
to live at liberty,  
With hie, &c.

Except a vertuous wile,  
a young man chance to find,  
That will industrious be,  
and beare a modest mind,  
Hee better were to live,  
still single as wee see,  
For tis a gallant thing,  
to live at liberty,  
With hie, &c.

Now will I heere conclude,  
I will no one offend,  
Wishing that every shrew,  
her qualities would amend,  
And that all Batchelors,  
may now be rul'd by mee,  
To chuse a loving wife,  
or live at liberty,  
With hie dilldo, dill,  
hie ho dildurle,  
It is a gallant thing  
to live at liberty.

FINIS.

L. P.

Printed at London for W. the  
younger, dwelling at the up-  
per end of the Old Bayly.